

## **Lick the Salt from My Skin by fullofwander**

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**Summary:**

Billy is the sex symbol front man of a local rock band. Steve moonlights as a bartender at the venue the band plays. AU.

## Lick the Salt from My Skin

### Author's Note:

This was inspired by a lovely anon on tumblr!  
Whoever you are, keep the awesome prompts  
coming! If I knew who you were, I'd gift this to you!  
I'm on tumblr @fullofwander.

Steve hated it when this band played. He HATED it.

He didn't mind the music so much—ridiculous noise level aside, the lyrics and melodies weren't bad. He'd definitely heard worse from small-town wannabe rock stars. But this particular band was good enough to have collected a healthy number of screaming fans, all of whom descended like a horde on the bar Steve worked at any time the band played, eager to party.

Drunken idiots.

And then there was the asshole front man to the band itself—The Pillars or The Boxes or The Waters. Whatever. Steve refused to remember the dumbass name, or acknowledge the dumbass man who fronted it.

He'd take the stage, most times wearing the tightest jeans and nothing else, guitar slung around his chest and shoulders, and pour his heart and lungs out to the screaming crowd. He was magnetic, animalistic. He could drive the crowd into a frenzy, screaming and jumping right along with him.

And then the show would end, and he would jump down from the stage, winding his way through the throng, his adoring fans not minding the sweat still pouring down his chest and back and sticking his stupid curls to his head, and come to hold court leaning against the bar.

The bar that Steve worked behind, trying to just get through the night as painlessly as possible.

Truthfully, Steve didn't mind bartending, usually. The money could be good, and he got to flirt with all kinds of different people.

But this particular man, with his curly mullet and glinting jewelry, sharp smirk curling the corner of his mouth, had the supernatural ability to irritate Steve to no end. Maybe it was the fact that he flirted shamelessly with everyone in front of everyone, Steve included, before seeming to leave the bar alone. Every time.

Arrogant prick.

Steve had ignored or flat out turned down his advances more than once, earning himself wider smirks and lewd lick-lipping. He couldn't hardly walk by where the sweaty front man leaned against his bar without earning himself a lascivious tongue sticking out of the other's mouth.

Steve hated that he kind of liked it. It was obviously a versatile tongue; he couldn't help but wonder what the other man could do with it.

Tonight started no different. The musician had spent the night dancing and gyrating filthily on the stage, golden muscles flexing in the multicolored spotlights. He'd started out with a shirt tonight, but at some point he'd pulled it over his head, throwing it out to the crowd.

Afterward the show, he'd made his way over, seemingly headed straight for Steve, with feral grin and eyes like fire.

As usual, Steve tried to keep far away from him, serving drinks and wiping spills and attempting to ignore the way his own shirt was sticking to him with sweat in the hot, overcrowded room. Midnight had passed, and the crowd was pumped. It was looking like he'd make a good haul, at least.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw the musician motioning to him, silver earring swinging as he leaned over the bar. Several people were gathered around him, touching and leaning close. Steve made his way over reluctantly.

“Hey, Stevie. How ya doing?” the front man asked with a shark grin, the group of people watching. Steve rolled his eyes.

“It’s just Steve. What’ll you have?” he asked, frowning, sweat trickling down his nape.

“Well, Stevie, I would like a shot of tequila, please. With a slice of lime,” he said, voice going smooth and low.

“Sure,” Steve answered, pulling out the small glass and upending the bottle of liquor over it. He passed over a lime wedge with the shot.

The musician picked up a nearby salt shaker, shaking his curls back and tapping out some salt on his naked collar bone, before pushing the shot of tequila back to Steve.

“That’s for you, pretty boy,” he said. At Steve’s unimpressed look, he coaxed, “C’mon, Stevie, do a body shot.” His eyes were wicked as he placed the lime rind-first in his own mouth.

Steve’s jaw dropped. He couldn’t do that! First of all, he was at work. Second, the other man had never come on this strongly before. Jesus, he wanted Steve to put his mouth on him. And honestly, Steve’s mouth went dry at the thought. He swallowed hard.

Around them, the crowd of onlookers began to chant, “Stev-ie! Stev-ie!”

Goddammit. He rolled his eyes, pursing his lips, trying not to smile.

A snap decision had Steve swiping the shot glass off the bar, throwing it back quickly. He swallowed, the alcohol burning on his lips and down his throat, before tangling his hand in the sweaty curls of the man still leaning across the bar. He yanked him forward roughly, running his tongue over the other man’s salty, sweaty collar bone, then up his neck for good measure, before taking a bite of the lime, pushing his tongue into the musician’s open mouth and kissing him hard around the fruit. They pushed at each other, rough and biting, the kiss tasting of salt and lime and tequila, Steve’s hand traveling down the heaving, exposed chest. He pulled away with a wet smack of lips, pushing the chest back across the bar.

The musician grinned, pulling the chewed lime rind from his mouth. Steve panted behind the bar, wiping the back of a hand across his own wet mouth.

Around them, the crowd went wild, whooping and clapping and cheering. Steve thought he heard several catcalls. He rolled his eyes again, just for good measure.

“I’m Billy, by the way,” he said to Steve, lime juice glinting at the corner of his mouth and down his chin. He stuck his tongue out, stretching it nearly to the tip of his own chin.

“I don’t care,” Steve said, before walking away to the other side of the bar. Behind him, he could feel Billy’s eyes following him, his raucous laughter trailing after.